To fleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Capu. Why how now kinſman wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Vncle this a *Mountague* our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnitie this night.
Capu. Yong *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo.*
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my houſe doe him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a Feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a Villaine is a gueſt,
Ile not endure him.
Capu. He ſhall be endured.
What goodman Boy, I ſay he ſhall goe too,
Am I the Maſter here or you? goe too,
Youle not endure him, God ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a mutinie among my gueſts:
You will ſet a Cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Tib. Why Vncle, tis a ſhame.
Capu. Goe too, goe too.
You are a ſawcy Boy, iſt ſo indeed?
This tricke may chance to ſcath you I know what,
You muſt contrary me, marry tis time,
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for ſhame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Ti. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:

I will withdraw but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bitter
Ro. If I prophane with my vnworth
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſinne is thi
My lips two bluſhing Pilgrims did rea
To ſmooth that rough touch with a ten
Iu. Good Pilgrime you doe wrong
Which mannerly deuotion ſhewes in
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims h
And palme to palme is holy Palmers k
Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy P
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do
They pray, (grant thou) leaſt faith turn
Iu. Saints doe not moue, though gr
Ro. Then moue not while my Pray
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is p
Iu. Then haue my lips the ſin that t
Ro. Sin from my lips, O treſpaſſe ſw
Giue me my ſin againe.
Iuli. You kiſſe bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother craues a
Rom. What is her mother?
Nur. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Ladie of the houſe,
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe and vert
I nurſt her daughter that you talkt wit
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes de
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at
Rom. I ſo I feare, the more is my vn
Capu. Nay Gentlemen prepare not
We haue a trifling fooliſh Banquet to
Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke you al
I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen, good

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)